WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY BEFORE WARSAW

SOLDIERS BEING FERRIED ACROSS THE VISTULA.

Photo by Medem Photo Service.

BOSTON'S DEFENDERS DIE BRAVELY AT GUNS WHEN ENEMY ATTACKS FROM REAR

The Invasion of America

Continued from Fifth Page.

"Searchlight intact," reported Strawberry Hill.

"Men have landed on Marblehead Neck, according to reports from Swampscott," reported Fort Heath. "Three hundred men at least taking road southward."

"Push forward and occupy Lynn Beach at narrowest part," telegraphed the battle commander to the force at Nahant. "Will send 100 reenforcements by boat to Lynn."

At Nantasket a second attempt at a landing was being made. It was defeated and the boats withdrew. Two suspicious vessels were sighted almost within Hull Bay and were destroyed by fire from a shore battery. A landing party struck at Strawberry Hill. Another, probably the same that had attempted the second landing at Nantasket, tried to haul three boats over into the Weir River.10

All were repulsed. There was hot fighting going on near Lynn. It was difficult for the battle commander to judge what its result would be. Once his forces sent to Fort Heath for more men. Later they telegraphed that they were holding their ground.

The enemy struck again and again. He made an attempt on Winthrop and lost two destroyers in the mine fields. The fleet opened heavy fire at short intervals to mask the attack of the landing parties. But the telegraph and telephone system of the forts sent word everywhere to all the outlying posts of the uniform success of the defence, with the result of making their fight constantly more effective.

The defences were holding out. When word came at last that the raiders who had landed at Marblehead Neck were retreating to their boats the end of the night's fighting had arrived. The fleet called off its boats and took them aboard.

It was near dawn. Once more for the last time the ships ran in, passing the batteries at full speed, and fired every gun that would bear in the instant of their passing. Every huge turret gun, every broadside battery, opened up at once.

For many miles inland the air trembled and hummed. The hills growled with rolling echoes. Windows in distant places blew inward and walls trembled. But the defences held.

Ship after ship swung in that fierce circle and passed. It was the climax of the night's bombardment. When the dawn spread far on the ocean horizon the defenders saw the enemy fleet lying black against it far out of the zone of fire.

The sea was bare between them and the forts except for a rent ruin hanging on the Outer Brewster, where a shattered destroyer was aground. Off Cohasset lay another sprawling on the rocks called the Grampuses, half out of the sea, as if it were the torn body of a weird monster that had thrown itself ashore in a dying agony.

"No damage," said Fort Revere.

"No damage, except dismounted searchlight," said Fort Strong. "One 6 inch gun dismantled," said Standish. "No damage," reported Andrews and Banks. In Fort Warren two 3 inch quick firers were destroyed.

"We could hold them off forever," said the battle commander, "if we were protected from the land."

The successful fight of his defences had made it only the more bitter for him. He knew that this was the last fight. He knew that the army that was sweeping northward would take him in the back before night.

He looked at one of his 12 inch rifles. He walked over to it and patted the beautiful thing, so shapely, so graceful that it seemed impossible that it should weigh thirty-five tons. "If they had just given out that little extra elevation!" he murmured. "Then yonder ships wouldn't dare lie within 20,000 yards of us."11

All night long Boston people, moved to unendurable terror by the bombardment, had tried to flee from the city. All night long other crowds had tried to enter it. On all the roads these opposing crowds had met and jostled.

They warned each other and tried to turn each other back. Shells were falling into Boston town, said the people who were fleeing from the city. Crazed by fear, they invented monstrous tales and believed them.

The incoming refugees too invented tales. They told of soldiers who had appeared in nearby towns and who were burning and killing. Nothing so well illustrated the effect of terror on the faculty of reason as the fact that always after this wild interchange of news the city people continued to press toward the country, fearing soldiers less than the cannon shots that had rung in their ears all night, and the country people pushed into the city, so panic driven by what they had heard of the soldiers and their bloody day of vengeance that they cared nothing for the heavy thunder that was shaking all the air.

Though the roads out of Boston were thus crowded, the fugitives were only a small proportion of the population. Never before had humanity realized how firmly men are chained to their habitat. Here was a city, terribly beset by land and sea, with unknown, terrible fate closing steadily around it. Beyond lay the United States, where there was complete freedom still and safety. Yet who could seek it?

There were none who could go, except those temporarily mad with fear or those so abjectly poor that it mattered nothing to them where they trudged. The workers could not go. They had to cling to the places that they knew, to the scanty foothold that was all the more precious to them for its scantiness.

The rich could not go. Money had stopped. All that they owned had become suddenly valueless for producing cash; and without cash they could not flee. The merely well to do, whose whole life depended on the town, whose whole possessions lay in real estate, in homes, in shops—where could they turn?

They stayed. They even tried, dully, to attend to business, though there was no business. Mail was still coming in and going out, but in a vastly circuitous way, as it had to go around by way of Burlington, and so through Vermont and New Hampshire to its destination. Boston could communicate still by telegraph and telephone with the United States outside of southern and western New England; but this, too, was in an equally circuitous way, and even such service as existed was constantly in danger of being severed.

Motor traffic had almost ceased on the streets. The trolley and train services were cut down to the merest necessity. Gasolene and coal shortage already had begun to make itself felt. Prices had gone up for flour and for meat. The fish wharves held none except empty vessels.

There was an unreasoning fear of the waterfront streets. People shrank from them, and used the side streets, as if the tiny difference of a block or two could save them, should shells begin to fall.

There was a fear, less unreasoning, of tall buildings. Most of the upper stories in high office buildings were deserted, except for daring ones who went in temporarily to look toward the harbor.

A renewed fear of aeroplanes also had seized the city. For days they had passed and repassed, till the people had become almost accustomed to them, since they threw no bombs and made no other demonstrations. Now, with the steady cannonading, the old fear returned.

Refugees from Breed's Island told how the ground was all ploughed by shells falling wild. They told of the water tower, flung far down the hill.

Hull was destroyed utterly. There was nothing left of it. All gay Nantasket had vanished. Between it and Point Allerton the houses along shore were thrown on each other and torn apart or burned.

On the last train to come in from the direction of Brockton were some who had fled from that city. It had been taken by the advancing army in the small hours of the morning. The town authorities, ordered out of bed by soldiers, had been escorted to the enemy commander, who had made them write announcements. Before sunrise all the streets flaunted placards ordering the inhabitants to continue their business. Other placards warned them to deliver up all arms of any description.

Twenty of the most prominent men, said the fugitives, had been seized as hostages.

Every little while now Boston's communication with some point was being cut. These severed lines told of the advance of the hostile army as eloquently as messages might.

Up and down Washington street moved the multitude, waiting for news. The Old South Meeting House that has looked down on so many dramatic Boston spectacles had never looked on one so tragic as this—on a proud and not timorous city that was waiting impotently to be taken and dealt with.

Had the enemy come quickly, had the army advanced into Boston with a swift rush, it would have been less agonizing for the waiting city than this slow, systematic, machinelike advance like the jaws of great pincers that were closing down with cruel deliberation.

Suddenly there came a storm of news to the Boston papers. It came from the country to the south of the harbor—from Cohasset and Hingham, Weymouth and Quincy.12

Heavy artillery was being unloaded all along the line of the south shore branch of the Old Colony Railroad. Horses and limbers were moving along all the roads to the shore. Soldiers were advancing into all the towns.

Before the Hingham wires were cut the correspondent in that town reported that enormous guns were being moved through it on heavy motors.

Quincy telegraphed that troops had hurried through there and seized the 100 foot Great Hill and also the yacht club house on Hough's Neck. Then Quincy too was cut off.

Scarcely half on hour later the fire from the forts broke out furiously. It was answered with greater speed and fury from the shore, where the foe had posted his great guns to enfilade the harbor defences.

At Fort Revere the commandant cut away concrete emplacements and succeeded in swinging one of his 12 inch guns around to fight the assailants, putting a heavy howitzer near Hingham out of action.

A second plunging shot fell near a gun behind Baker Hill; but the assailants from howitzer batteries concealed under Turkey and Scituate Hills concentrated a desperate bombardment on him that drove the Americans from the works.13

Firing from heavy calibre weapons at short range, pouring explosives and common shell and shrapnel from every vantage point along all the shore, the hostile army swept the rear of the harbor defences with such blasts that the mere impact of the solid shells made a din like the pounding of monstrous riveters' hammers.14

From the sea all the big guns of the ships struck into the chorus. The vessels pressed in as closely as they dared and opened with every cannon that could get the range.

Boston's populace, listening to the clamor from the sea, scarcely noted that the bulletins were announcing that all the railroad lines of the Boston and Maine Railroad leading north and northwest to Portsmouth, Haverhill, Lawrence and Lowell had been seized and that Boston was completely cut off.

Silent policemen appeared all at once followed by men with posters and paste pails. The crowds saw posters go up on their walls signed by the Boston citizens' committee.

There was a poster in great red letters warning the inhabitants to deliver any firearms that they possessed in the City Hall within six hours.

"Attention!" said another placard. "In case of military occupation of the city a single disorderly act may mean the ruin of all. It is the duty of all citizens to offer no resistance and to report to the authorities any plan toward resistance."

There was a great stir in the crowd. A cab was pushing its way through Washington street to the Globe Building. Two dishevelled and bloodstained artillerymen and an equally dishevelled civilian were in it.

While the soldiers went on to the City Hall the civilian got out and entered the newspaper office. He was a *Globe* reporter.

The rumors sped from man to man in the crowd before the building and from street to street that news had arrived from the forts. There was a tremendous press into Washington street, where men and women, crushed together, stared at the building.

The cab hardly had stopped at the City Hall before a bulletin went up: "Fort Andrews Garrison Dies at Its Post—Ignores Summons to Surrender—Only Three Men Escape From Ruins."

Ten minutes later the extras appeared and were whirled through the town. They passed with the speed almost of the wind, for men passed them from hand to hand. They shouted the news to people looking from windows, in a delirium half of dismay, half of exultation. The newspaper man had brought in such a tale as would live in American history.

He had been writing his story during the night's bombardments while the mortar pits quaked around him with the eruptions of their steel volcanoes. He told how, in the morning, there had come suddenly from the shore the enfilading fire that caught the works in the back.

The men at the mortars, unable to turn their ordnance against these assailants, continued to fire at the ships, obedient to the instructions from the range stations, till the blasts from the bursting charges above and around them tore away all the systems of fire control.15

One enemy howitzer, trained at the very edge of a pit, threw shot on shot till a group of mortars was buried under the debris that was hurled down from the torn mounds.

The mortars ceased action. The assailant, suspending his bombardment, demanded instant surrender, with the condition that the works must be delivered intact. The remainder of the garrison, black with smoke and grime, wounded and burned, replied by manning such movable artillery as was left. There was only one end to that. It was death. In twenty minutes there were four men left alive in the defences—two artillerymen, the newspaper man and a non-commissioned officer.

They lay flat under a mound. There was a small boat hidden below the far end of the island.

"Get out of this if you can!" said the non-commissioned man, an electrician sergeant. "Hurry! I'll give you five minutes! Good-by!"

He crawled back into the works. As they rowed away they saw boats with soldiers leaving the mainland for the island. Then there came a lick of flame out of the mortar battery that expanded instantly into a spraying fountain. An enormous detonation nearly blew their boat out of the water. The sergeant had found the firing key and touched off the hidden mine to demolish the defences.

In the excitement over this news that had broken the dull strain of waiting the people of Boston scarcely noticed that all at once the firing at sea had stopped.

Down the harbor a boat with a flag of truce was lying under Fort Warren. An officer, led blindfolded into the works, presented a summons transmitted from the headquarters of the army. It called on the commander to surrender the entire system of defences without further damage. It demanded also that a complete diagram of all the mine fields be delivered at once.

"You have four hours," continued this summons. "At the end of that time we shall bring our artillery to bear on the city from every quarter. Every five minutes thereafter we shall fire on a given section. You have made a brave and magnificent defence. By surrendering now you will save your city from unnecessary destruction, which you are unable to prevent otherwise."

"I will reply in half an hour," said the commander. At the end of that time he sent this answer:

"I shall surrender the defences on condition that the city be held inviolate; that no troops occupy it; that

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10. *The Weir River would enable assailants to reach the inner harbor and take the defences in the rear.*

11. *Mr. Garrison, Secretary of War, again represented to Congress at its last session that changes in the twelve inch gun carriages are absolutely necessary to give them an elevation of 15 degrees.*

12. *These are points lying south of the southern defences of Boston harbor and so near them that modern siege guns planted there could fire into them at short range.*

13. *The primary harbor defence batteries (twelve inch, ten inch and eight inch guns and twelve inch mortars) are not emplaced for anything except seaward fire, nor should they be. To use them against land attack would be only a matter of desperation, as in the case here described.*

14. *"Firing at speed, the shots from a dozen guns shooting at successive intervals would not have five seconds between them."*

15. *The tremendous air compression in fortifications during gun action almost tears out parts of the general installation even in mere target practice.*